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SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 3, 1882.

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JOHN S. HUTCHINSON,
Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 1, 1881.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
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DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION!



On Saturday, August 5th, '82. The Democratic County Convention for Rowan, will be held at the Court House in Salisbury, Saturday, August 5th, 1882, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of nominating candidates as follows, viz: House of Representatives, Clerk of the Superior Court, Register of Deeds, County Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner and County Surveyor. The Convention will also recommend a candidate for Senator for Rowan and Davie Counties.

This Convention is called in pursuance of a resolution passed by the Democratic County Convention held in Salisbury on the 1st day of July.

Each township shall be entitled to cast in the County Convention one vote for every twenty-five Democratic votes, and fractions of fifteen, as follows, to wit: Salisbury 16, Franklin 9, Unity 4, Scotch Irish 6, Mt Ulla 7, Locke 6, Atwell 10, Litaiker 6, Gold Hill 6, Morgan 3, Providence 8.

Each township may send as many delegates as it may see fit.

The Township Executive Committees will also meet in Salisbury, August 5th, to elect a County Executive Committee.

J. W. MAUNEY,
Chm. Co. Ex. Com.
Salisbury, July 3d, 1882.

PLATFORM.

We congratulate the people of North Carolina on the era of peace, prosperity and good government which has been broken since the coming of a Democratic State administration; upon the pure and impartial administration of justice and the honest enforcement of the laws; upon the efficiency of our common school system and great advance made in education, and the general improvement and enterprise manifested in every part of the State, and we pledge ourselves to exert all efforts to advance the material interests of all sections of the State in the future as we have done in the past. And we challenge a comparison between a Democratic administration of our State affairs and the crimes, outrages and scandals that accompanied Republican misrule. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles, as defined in the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention held at Cincinnati, in 1880:

Resolved, That we regard a free and fair expression of the public will at the ballot-box as the only sure means of preserving our free American institutions, and we denounce the Republican party and the interference of its federal officials for their gross frauds upon the elective franchise, whereby whole districts, States, and the Union have been deprived of their just political rights; and we believe the corrupt and corrupting use of federal patronage, and of public money drawn by taxation from the people in influencing and controlling elections, to be dangerous to the liberties of the State and the Union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the entire abolition of the internal revenue system, with its attendant corruptions, and that we denounce the present tariff laws as grossly unequal, unjust and vicious. We favor such a revision of the tariff as will provide a revenue sufficient for the economical support of the government, with such incidental protection as will give to domestic manufactures a fair competition with those of foreign production. That there should be an immediate repeal of all laws imposing a direct tax for the support of the government of the United States, but if it should prove impracticable to abolish the internal revenue system with all its attending demoralization, fraud and corruption, then we urge upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress the importance of so amending the Law that the revenue officers who now receive in salaries in North Carolina alone more than \$500,000 shall be elected by the people of the localities to which they are assigned.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party since its accession to power in North Carolina in furtherance of popular education is a sufficient guaranty that we earnestly favor the education of all classes of our people, and that we will advocate any legislation looking to an increase of the fund for that purpose that will not materially increase the present burdens of our people.

Resolved, That the question of prohibition is a national one, and we regard the matter as finally settled, and any attempt to renew the agitation is merely a weak effort of designing persons to divert the minds of the people from the dangerous principles and corrupt practices of the Republican party.

Resolved, That while we are not wedded to any particular form of county government, we recognize the fact that a large part of the taxes of the State are paid for the common benefit by the white people of our eastern counties, and that we consider

it the bounden duty of the white men of the State to protect these people from the oppressive domination of ignorant blacks, and pledge ourselves to such legislation as will secure this end.

And whereas it is seriously suggested that vigorous effort will soon be made to compel the State by judicial proceedings, to pay the fraudulent and unlawful special tax bonds, amounting to \$22,000,000, issued under legislation passed by the Republican Legislature 1868 and 1869; therefore

Resolved, further, That the Democratic party will resist such recovery and the payment of such bonds by every lawful means.

The above resolutions were read *seriatim*, and on motion were adopted as a whole as the platform of the Democratic party of North Carolina.

On motion of Mr. Furman, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the present faithful and efficient State Executive Committee of the Democratic party, with Col. Oza. Coker as chairman, be and is hereby continued as the executive committee of the party, thanking them for the untiring zeal and triumphant results of their past services.

Hon. A. S. Merrimon being called on, delivered an address of marked ability the synopsis of which we regret we cannot print in this issue.

On his conclusion Mr. Paul B. Means moved that the thanks of the convention be tendered to Judge Merrimon by a rising vote for his able, masterly, eloquent and instructive address. Which motion being carried, all the members of the convention rose to their feet with a shout of applause a compliment as handsome as it was deserved.

J. W. Reid, of Rockingham being called on, made some handsome and eloquent remarks. Remarks were also made by Hon. Jos. J. Davis, Capt. Swift Galloway, of Greens; Capt. C. M. Cooke, of Frank; Andrew Joyner, of Pitt; F. G. Skinner, of Perquimans; J. M. Gudger, of Yancey, and W. Foster French, of Robeson, and after the conclusion of his speech Mr. R. M. Furman moved to adjourn.

JACOB AND SALLIE.

His name was Jacob. It had been his father's before him, and his father's father's. The Storms were a hard-working, money-getting race. Jacob Storm the father of our hero, constantly said that "he couldn't see why under the shinin' sun a man needed an education; 't any rate, mo'n a nough to reckon his crops and cattle." Jacob, the younger had once expressed a desire to attend school out of town; but Storm, senior, killed his ambition in that respect with a few words:

"The old red school-house was good enough for your father and your grandfather, and when you get all you can there I'll find plenty of work for you; it shan't be said that one of the old Storm blood ever hired out to work for strangers."

The inhabitants of Putneyville were not at all conservatives of the Storm order. Sons of rich farmers were in college, daughters of hard-working fathers and mothers were away at school, and Putneyville felt their influence when they came home for a vacation.

One of the gayest, brightest, prettiest girls in town was Sallie Rivers. Her father had a poorer farm and fewer bonds than his neighbor Jacob Storm. But the Rivers family worshipped another idol. From the mother-down, every one valued a good education. The father had been denied it, as he had been the eldest of a large family, and compelled to aid in supporting the rest. He was a man of excellent natural ability, and extravagantly fond of reading.

When his boys and girls grew around him, they heard important topics discussed at the table; they knew all about Congress and our relations to foreign powers, and once Mr. Rivers had been called upon to represent his town in the Legislature of the State.

The boys of the family were compelled to work their way through college, and Sallie the jovial, was deterred to follow their example.

No wonder Jacob Storm, Jr., adored Sallie. He had lived near her for years and carried her dinner pail back and forth for her, had purposely misspelled words to let her pass above him, and in all her maddest pranks he had rejoiced while others blamed. Sallie's brother's were fond of her and never for one moment thought it either unladylike or sinful for her to share all their sports.

When one of their neighbors gave a party, the verbal invitation was generally, 'Sallie and the rest of the boys.'

Sallie liked it, she was full of bounding life; she hated silly airs; and as her brothers were with one exception older than herself, surely it was quite proper for her to do as they did. When Tom wrote home from college that his dear little sister 'must not go out in the hot sun or she might spoil her complexion,' Sallie wrote back, 'Don't bother your dear old maid. I care more for good sound health than anything else; and those who really love me won't mind a few freckles.' Sallie went on in her own way; she flew from one end to the other of the large farm house, now singing a scrap of some familiar song, now chaunting in full, clear tones some grand old anthem. Jacob Storm had once called her the 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' and the name fitted her so well the boys took it up. The wildest colt on

the farm would obey Sallie; she feared nothing; went and came as she pleased, and accompanied more in one morning than her mother and Huldah, the maid, could possibly do together.

Naturally this warm-hearted, active, cheerful girl was the light of her father's eye. He could not send her away from home like the boys not even for the coveted education. For three years in her teens she bore the restraint as meekly as possible, but the fourth year could not be borne. How much the girl suffered no one knew.

'Father,' she said, one day, as she sprang from her saddle, 'my mind is made up. I shall go into the mill and earn money enough to attend school.'

'But mother can't spare you daughter.'

'Mother is willing,' said Sallie; 'she always wanted to study herself.'

'Well, we seem to need you here, somehow,' said the old gentleman, stoking the colts neck to bid his feelings.

'Yes, father, and you shall have me. I can work hard and come home to spend every vacation; and won't you be glad to see me?'

Mr. Rivers led the colt away and did not answer.

'Why not?' he said to himself why shouldn't she have a fair chance? 'I suppose I might sell off the meadow to Storm, and send my only girl away in good shape; but it will spoil the farm, and I hate to.'

He could not think of the house without her; he dreaded the long winter evenings, and the ward summer days, without his darling, and at last he sat down in one corner of the old barn on an old grindstone, which Sallie had often turned for him. He sat there a long time overcame his selfishness; and at last, as he heard the girl's ringing voice calling him to supper, he rose up, saying, 'She's my only girl; and she shall have a chance come what will.'

The boys were delighted. They were proud of Sallie, and quite sure she would do herself and the family credit. To be sure, Tom's pride was hurt when he heard that she was to work in the mill at Glemere; but the new house which Tom had urged his father to build had cost more than they expected, and every year some new machinery must be purchased. It was twenty miles to Glemere—twenty miles from home—live, care and comfort; but Sallie did not falter.

To be sure it was a trial to leave them all, a hard thing for her to select from her little sister's girl's belongings; and a small room in a boarding-house would ever afford the delight that her own sunny chamber did. Sallie felt, but did not shed one, although her mother and Huldah wept profusely as the carriage drove away, with Sallie's father on the back seat with her, and Jacob Storm in front with Sallie's brother Dike.

Dike was younger than his sister and in deep grief at her loss. It did not comfort him to be told that she would not board among strangers, but become a member of Mr. Mora's family. He did not choose to listen when Jacob told him that Sallie was too wise and too good to remain buried in Putneyville. Dike was 16 and at that age a boy considers everything a 'burning shame' which interferes with his pleasure.

'I wish I had her chance,' said Jacob as the father and daughter talked in low tones on the back seat.

'Great chance,' said Dike 'to go down there and work among all sorts and never have any music or any home, or—'

Dike pined; his feeling were too much for him, and yet he would not let Jake Storm see a tear in his eyes.

'It's a chance to make yourself something better than a dudge; a chance to see and know what's going on in this great world. Redding is good, Dike, but seeing is a million times better.'

Jacob read early and late, he thought and studied; but, after all, he knew the discipline which Tom and Joe Rivers were having would be a blessing to him. His only dread was that Sallie might consider him inferior to her 'She shall not get before me if I die trying,' he said.

Sallie's room was not so bad, after all; Mrs. Mora had done her best to please her old friend Mrs. Rivers. When Sallie's books were unpacked, and her piano was in one corner, and her pet bird Glory hung up the place was quite delightful! Sallie could not live in a dingy, dull hole; sunshine was necessary to her existence. Her first week in the mill left her in pale and weary, but a stout heart and a strong will kept her up.

At night she was busy, her music and her studies occupied every moment. Mrs. Mora tried to interest her in the sports and games of her

She did not know that her examination gave Joe new courage and kept Tom from many a 'collegedark'; she never dreamed that Jacob Storm was

follow-boarders, but Sallie politely declined.

A room-mate was impossible, as she desired to spend her spare moments in preparation for her future work. About this time she wrote to Tom: 'It is a hard grind, dear old boy; and sometimes when my head whirrs about with the noise, or the associations vex me, I feel like running away to China or Japan! but I don't; I only go home when I am free, and take a good dose of Chopin or Beethoven; they tone me up. By careful management I shall be able to save some money. There is a little French girl here who is anxious to study English; every week I give her a lesson for a lesson; I speak and read French with her; then two of Mrs. Mora's children take lessons on the piano, and my board bill is light. Who do you think comes here every Sunday? Why, Jacob Storm. His father will not let him go to college, and he walks down here after work is done on Saturday, and returns Sunday night. He is a great friend of John Mora's, and I have to be teased about him, but I don't mind that. Jake seems like one of you, and every week he asks me about my lessons.'

'Jake gets books from the library here, and leaves them for me to read first; then we talk them over afterward, and Dike is getting quite interested.'

Brave little Sallie! The days and weeks flew by, and found her at her post. She only saw the hard daily toil, only felt the bonds which kept her close until she could join the girls who quietly and easily walked the path of knowledge.

Sometimes his father allows him to drive down, and then you may be sure we have a good breath of country air. He said one day, in his slow deliberate fashion: 'If my coming annoys you, Sallie, just say so; but it seems to me that you might not feel so far away if you saw a home face once a week.' Sometimes he would bring a few flowers or some chickweed for Glory, and sometimes a piece of new cheese in a dainty box, and generally a note or message from mother or Dike. When he drives down Dike comes with him; and I can work harder all the week after seeing his rosy face.'

making a man of himself for her sake; she could not see the power she exercised over Dike, who was inclined to be a little wayward; she never guessed that her devotion to self-culture and study had stimulated some of her associates to go and do likewise. She only felt the pressure of the daily toil, and longed for the day of her emancipation: only worked unceasingly.

Little by little the sound of the factory bell grew hateful to her, and its red brick walls wearied her eyes, but over and to herself she said, 'There is no such word as fail. Her brief vacations were seasons of joy. Jacob Storm wished they might last forever. He, too, was hard at work; and one day, when he and Sallie had discussed the merits of various authors, and compared notes concerning their studies Sallie's outburst of praise for his achievement drew from him an avowal of his love.'

'Why, Jacob,' said she, regretfully 'I never thought of you in that way. I should as soon fancy Tom marrying me.'

'You think I am clumsy and slow' he said, 'or perhaps stupid and ignorant, because I remain here when others go away; they have educated themselves with fate and fortune to aid them. I have done it thus far against fate and without fortune. I shall some day make the world hear of me; how, when or where I do not know, but it will come.'

'I believe you, Jacob,' said Sallie, 'and I am proud of you; but love is something I know nothing of, and, until I have finished my course as a student, I must put pleasure out of my head. Don't sulk, Jacob; I am not heartless, only ignorant. Come, saddle Tam O'Shanter' and let us have one of your mad rides to Sparkling Spring; it will be something to remember when I am grinding at the mill again.'

Jacob obeyed her. Her wishes had been his law for years and he was mainly enough to be proud of it.

At last the goal was won. Sallie was in college devoting herself to her cherished books, and Jacob still worked as he had done before, now blaming himself for his folly in regarding his father's wishes, now working at his books with the desperate energy of one who has staked all on success.

Every Sunday he visits Glemere with Dike, but no longer spends his time with Sallie. At last a change came. Jacob Storm, Sr., was gathered home, and his son was free.

Dike wrote to his sister in boyish fashion: 'Old Storm has gone, and Jake mourns for him as if he had been loving and tender, instead of a stiff old miser. Jake will leave here soon; he does not say where he is going. I shall miss him terribly. We have read and studied together all

winter. Jake knows a heap. He surprises me all the time. He is having your picture painted for me, from the one you sent home. I wish I could go with him, but, as you say, it would never do to leave father and mother alone. I am reading the books you ordered, but I can't pin myself down to hard study after working all day.'

Sallie's last year of college-life was drawing to a close, and the students were arranging for a separation, when an invitation was sent them to attend a lecture by an eminent gentleman who had been recently appointed to a professorship in a Western university.

'Going, Miss Rivers?' asked a Senior, as she peeped in the half-opened door of Sallie's room.

'No, I think not. I shall enjoy the time in writing home.'

'Do go. They tell me Prof. Storm is quite remarkable, and Darwinism has his attractions for all of us.'

'Prof. Storm was closeted with the Prex to-day,' said another Senior and I understand that the light of his countenance will illuminate the college to-morrow.'

'I think I will go,' said Sallie suddenly. 'It will not do to miss a treat.'

In her rebellious little heart she was saying, 'I will go for the sake of the old name and my childhood's friend, but poor old Jake will never know it.'

The hall was crowded, and on the platform sat the college President with several distinguished gentlemen. The speaker's face was partially hidden by the desk before him. When he rose at last, Sallie's heart gave a quick bound for there before her stood her neighbor, friend and lover.

He did not seem to see her; his subject engrossed his entire attention Sallie listened with pleasure. The physical training of the past added to his mental requirements, and his clear manly voice charmed all listeners.

'Isn't he fine looking?' whispered one. 'What a splendid type of manhood,' said another. 'He understands himself perfectly,' said a third.

When the speaker closed the applause was emphatic and prolonged Sallie sat motionless. Surprise and pleasure mingled with a thousand memories. Prof. Storm did not heed it. He was looking at a bright face just before him, and answered the congratulation of his friends in an absent manner.

'Pardon me said he to the President; 'I recognize an old schoolmate yonder.'

'Ah, indeed that's Miss Rivers, a young lady of remarkable energy and unbounded perseverance; she stands at the head of her class.'

'She would be No. 1 anywhere,' said the professor as he hurried away to join her.

'I'm so glad, so very glad,' was all Sallie could say.

'Are you? Then help me to escape from all these eyes, and let me give you the latest tidings from home.'

Miss Rivers was envied by her friends as she passed out, stopping now and then to introduce the popular scientist as an old schoolmate.

Of what they talked, and how, it matters not to us; we only know that a certain professor was absent from his post in order to attend the exercises at a certain college, where Miss Rivers graduated, and we also know that a wedding took place soon after.

Mrs. Storm, nee Sallie Rivers, is also a professor in the same institution with her husband, and her excellent parents spend a portion of each season with her.—*German town Telegraph.*

A "STRIKE" AT GREENSBORO.—The boys engaged in carrying brick and mortar for Levi Houston's new building struck this morning for higher wages. They had been employed at 40 cents per day and refused to work until their wages were raised to 50 cents. About the time their places were supplied by other boys, the father of two of the strikers appeared on the scene, and seizing a rich pine shingle, literally wore the patches off the seat of their breeches. The strikers sued for terms and begged to be allowed to resume their work.—*Patriot.*

A woolen mill is to be erected at Dallas, Texas, to cost half a million dollars.

A factory has been opened at New Orleans, to make illuminating and lubricating oil out of cotton seed oil.

People of Orange county, Va., are doing a big business in poplar wood which is sent North for the manufacture of paper from the pulp.

The Mississippi cotton mills are good investments. The one at Wesson pays twenty-six per cent.; the stock is worth over three hundred dollars. Those at Enterprise and Natchez pay as well.

A hurried glance over the testimony taken by the Vance committee discloses in substance that Gov. Vance has been successful in turning the lights on Dr. Mott's district. There are probably an average of 200 employees in that district, and their pay is probably \$250,000. The expenses last year were \$260,000. It appears from the testimony that these employees in 1880 gave on demand one month's salary to the campaign fund, amounting to at least \$30,000, their pay being about \$100 per month. That was for the campaign fund. In addition to that regular campaign fund, on September, 79, Dr. Mott issued a circular, as follows:

'There are office expenses for which no allowance has been made by the government. As it is not right that some officers should pay all and others none, I have thought proper to equalize them. I consider that 1 per cent. of your monthly salary is a reasonable assessment. Please therefore at once, upon receipt of this office the amount due from you as above specified.'

'An account of receipts and expenditures made under this fund is kept at the office for inspection of all concerned.' That makes about \$2,500 a year. What it was used for we do not know. The testimony shows that the business in that district is conducted on the 'you tickle me and I will tickle you' principle. Men who had large distilleries divided them up, and instead of running a twelve bushel still, would run three of four bushels each. To each distillery was allowed a storekeeper. This storekeeper, it appears, was to be agreeable to the distiller. If the distiller did not like him the still was closed, and it would not be operated until a storekeeper agreeable to the distiller was appointed. These storekeepers drew \$3 a day, and either they worked with the distiller or paid him a part of their wages or boarded with him, paying a high board, about \$35 a month. By this arrangement the distiller got back a part of his taxes. Now all this was done by Dr. Mott, it sufficiently appears, for purposes not connected with his duty to the government. The whole thing seems to have been used as a big political machine at work in the interests of the Republican party. One of the objects appears to have been to multiply officers and induce young Democrats to join the Republican party.

As far as we understand the Kestler matter, it appears that in 1872, W. H. Kestler went to Statesville and was appointed in the revenue service. He stayed around there ten days but was given no work to do. He then went home and never was given any work to do. Before he went home he borrowed fifteen dollars from Dr. Mott, and afterwards Dr. Mott sent him a postal order for \$50. So he got from Dr. Mott \$55. After that they sent him a voucher to sign for the \$55, which he did sign and returned. Sometime afterwards they sent him another form, entirely in blank, saying that the first one had been misplaced or lost, and asked him to sign that. He did so. So Kestler signed one voucher for \$55, and signed another in blank. He really was not in the service at all, and performed no duty whatever.

Now, Dr. Mott presented four vouchers to the government, in substance as follows: One for the \$55. A second in favor of Kestler as deputy collector, for the three months from September 30, 1882, to December 31, 1873, at the rate of \$1,500 per annum—\$375. This contained a certificate that the services were rendered in certain counties, and that Kestler was traveling all the while in this capacity. 'Received payment. W. H. Kestler, deputy collector.'

And subjoined was the ordinary affidavit that the services had been faithfully rendered, that they were necessary, and that the compensation was just and reasonable. To this oath was signed the name W. H. Kestler, deputy collector, and then was added 'sworn and subscribed before me this 10th day of January, 1873.' 'J. A. Clarke, deputy collector.'

A third voucher was just like the above except it was for the next quarter running from January 11, '73, to March 31, 1873. It was for \$385, and it was marked 'Received payment.' 'W. H. Kestler, deputy collector,' and the affidavit that the services were rendered, &c., was signed by W. H. Kestler, and there was added: 'Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, April, 1873.' 'J. A. Clarke, deputy collector.'

And a fourth voucher, like the above, was filed, excepting it was for the next quarter from April 1, 1873, to June 30, 1873, and it had 'Received payment.' 'W. H. Kestler, deputy collector.' 'Subscribed and sworn before me this 10th day of July, 1873.' 'J. A. Clarke, deputy collector.'

Kestler testified that his signature to the last voucher was his writing, it being the voucher that he signed in blank. But he never swore to it. He testifies that the vouchers for the other quarters are not his signatures at all, and that he never swore to them. This is admitted by Dr. Mott and by the man Clarke who was a witness.

Here is a man who never was in the service at all, and yet Dr. Mott sends on vouchers purporting to be received by him, and purporting to be sworn to by him, running through three whole quarters and not a cent was paid him, and he had no more to do with the matter than any reader of this paper.

On the 10th day of July, Dr. Mott, swore to and forwarded 'an abstract of vouchers of expenses of his district for the quarter ending June 30, 1873,' as follows:

Continued on 2nd Page.